

You Shine So Bright, I Am Undone

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Category: Pitch Perfect  
Genre: Romance, Sci-Fi  
Language: English  
Characters: Aubrey P., Beca M., Chloe B.  
Pairings: Chloe B./Beca M.  
Status: Completed  
Published: 2016-04-13 09:49:49  
Updated: 2016-04-13 09:49:49  
Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:48:18  
Rating: T  
Chapters: 5  
Words: 10,435  
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net  
Summary: "'You wanted to know why I never could hurt you,' Beca whispered breathlessly. 'Well, now you know.'" Bechloe Star Wars AU.

## 1. The Chase

\_A/N: Hey! It's been a while since I uploaded anything here. I mostly post my stories on my tumblr now, so follow me at leblanc-apella dot tumblr dot com if you like! This is a little story I wrote based on some amazing Bechloe edits made by tumblr user bechloe-beatchell, so do check those out as well, you won't be disappointed. I had started writing this some months ago and only just now finished it, so that's why I'm uploading it here now. It's essentially a Star Wars AU where Beca is a Sith and Chloe is a Jedi. Hope you enjoy it! :)\_

\* \* \*

><p><span><strong>You Shine So Bright, I Am Undone<strong>

### Chapter 1: The Chase

Chloe ducked beneath the swipe of the crimson blade of plasma, allowing it to pass so close that it nearly singed her hair, before immediately bringing her own lightsaber upward towards her opponent, who quickly danced out of reach.

The masked figure wielding the red saber chuckled.

"You're getting faster," they said. They were clothed in long, flowing, black robes, and their face was covered by a small helmet, which was covered by a hood. "Have you been holding out on me?"

"I guess I could ask you the same question," Chloe replied with a smirk, sliding into her preferred stance. She relaxed her muscles as

she held her saber pointed diagonally downwards in front of her slightly crouched body. "I'm pretty sure I could've dodged all of your strikes in my sleep." The figure shrugged.

"Maybe I'm just not very skilled with a lightsaber," they replied. Chloe frowned.

"Humility isn't a trait I figured the Sith put much emphasis on," she said. The figure chuckled again.

"I suppose they don't," they said. "I am a bit of a strange one." Chloe saw as the figure's stance relaxed, their guard dropped, and she took her chance, immediately lunging forward, thrusting her emerald saber towards their abdomen. The figure reacted instantly, swatting Chloe's saber away as she jumped backwards. Chloe continued to follow her, forcing herself to breathe evenly as she moved through various sweeps and slashes and thrusts, all of which were in vain as the figure parried them with apparent ease. Chloe brought the saber down in a hard, overhead slash, which clashed violently with her opponent's.

The two stood locked in place, the green and red light of their blades reflecting off of the Sith's mask.

The Sith made a feint towards Chloe, pulling their lightsaber away and spinning before bringing it around in a horizontal slash. The movement caught Chloe off guard, but the attack was slow, much slower than someone with such an impenetrable defense should be able to manage, Chloe knew. She easily dodged it.

"Why?" Chloe asked.

"Why what?"

"Why are you holding back?"

"As I said, I've little talent with a lightsaber," they replied with a soft, quiet chuckle. Chloe shook her head.

"No. You blocked all of my attacks like they were nothing. And ever since I started chasing you, back on Coruscant, all of our encounters have been the same. You—" Chloe paused, her eyes narrowing as she looked at the Sith. "—you aren't trying to kill me. Why?" Again, the Sith shrugged.

"Why would I want to kill you?"

"Because I'm a Jedi, and you're a Sith," Chloe replied. Now, the Sith outright laughed.

"And you Jedi say that only Sith deal in absolutes," they said.

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing," they replied. The Sith let their shoulders fall slightly as a heavy sigh escaped them. "But the world is not so black and white, as you might wish to believe."

"Murder is, though," Chloe countered, her face hardening.

"It's only murder through your eyes," they replied.

"You killed an innocent, defenseless Senator!"

"No," the Sith replied softly. "I didn't kill him."

"I saw youâ€|"

"You saw what you wanted to see, which fit easily as a result of some very unfortunate circumstances," the Sith said with a sigh. "I was trying to save him."

"What?" Chloe replied, incredulous. "Why would you do that?"

"Becauseâ€|" the Sith replied, "â€|the bill he was proposing in the Senate was very important to meâ€| and to a great many people I care for."

"Then who killed him?" The Sith shook their head.

"It doesn't matter. They're dead now, too," they replied.

"Why should I believe you?"

"Why would I lie?" Chloe opened her mouth to speak, but then she paused. She was about to say, 'Because you're a Sith.' Somehow, though, that didn't quite seem right. Nothing seemed right about this person. "If there's one thing I can tell you for sure about Sith, it's that freedom is one thing we value above nearly all else."

"And you didn't ever try to kill me becauseâ€|?"

"Why would I want to?"

"Because I'm trying to kill you," Chloe said slowly, not entirely sure what this person wasn't understanding about the question. They chuckled.

"True," they said. "It's been quite fun, actually."

"Who are you?" Chloe asked, positively baffled by this person who stood before her. All her life, she had been told that the Sith were evil, yet Chloe could sense no trace of anger or hatred in them. The Sith tilted their head, observing Chloe skeptically.

Then, they deactivated their lightsaber and clipped it to their belt. Chloe frowned again as she watched the Sith reach up and pull the hood away from their mask, before leaning forward and sliding the mask off. Chloe gasped at the sight when they looked up.

Facing Chloe now was possibly the most beautiful woman she could recall seeing in her life. She smirked at the Jedi's dumbfounded expression.

"Not what you were expecting, huh?" She said as she strode slowly towards Chloe, whose heart began to beat furiously in her chest. The woman's steely blue gaze locked with hers, and Chloe swallowed nervously as she approached.

"Iâ€| "

"You asked who I was," the woman said. "No one's ever cared before." She held out her hand. "My name is Rebecca, but I'd really prefer you called me Beca."

Chloe didn't know how to react. Her still ignited blade pointed at the ground, her arms limp at her side. She reached out with her free hand slowly. Beca took Chloe's and gripped it tightly as she shook it.

"You know, the polite thing to do when one introduces themselves is to respond in kind," Beca said.

"Chloeâ€|" Chloe whispered. "My name is Chloe." Beca smirked.

"Nice to meet you, Chloe," she said as she brought Chloe's hand up, bowing her head slightly as she kissed the top of Chloe's hand lightly. "I hope to see you again. Maybe next time we can find some other means of entertainment instead of you trying to kill me."

Beca winked before turning and replacing her mask on her head and pulling the hood over it in a quick, smooth motion and walking off, leaving an awestruck Chloe behind.

She deactivated her lightsaber and placed it on her belt, before bringing the hand that Beca had kissed up, looking at it with a curious wonder. She held that hand tightly in the other, looking up to find Beca long gone now.

"Oh no," she said, suddenly realizing the situation she had just been put in, as if Beca's departure had lifted the dreamy haze that had settled over her since her unmasking. "Master Yoda is not going to like thisâ€|"

## 2. Collision

**\*\*You Shine So Bright, I Am Undone\*\***

### Chapter 2: Collision

"You didn't kill the Jediâ€|?" Beca remained silent as the voice of her Master slithered through the cold room. Beca's jaw was clenched tightly, her stance, rigid. She never did like it here. "Lord Raiyah, you surprise me. This is the fifth time you've failed to kill the Jedi woman pursing you. Not gone soft, have we?"

Beca's eyes narrowed as she observed the cloaked woman standing with her back to her, facing outwards into the void of space, visible from the observation deck. Beca was not wearing her mask; in truth, she rather disliked wearing it. She only did because her Master insisted on it as an anonymity precaution.

"Of course not," Beca replied with a scoff.

"Then why does the Jedi still live?" Her master turned to face her now, her own face still shrouded by her hood.

"Because I didn't feel like killing her," Beca said. Her master's lips, red as blood, twisted into a chilling sneer.

"You like her, don't you?"

"What?"

A laugh emanated slowly from the cloaked woman.

"Your thoughts betray you, young one," she said. Beca's eyes narrowed. "My, my, this is a surprise. Who knew the great and powerful Darth Raiyah would fall for a silly, little, Jedi girl."

Were this anyone else, Beca might have blushed, but her Master's words only served to infuriate her.

"Don't speak as if you know my thoughts so intimately, Lord Kira," she said calmly, forcing herself to relax.

"Ah, but I do!" Kira replied gleefully as she rushed over towards Beca, stopping only when her face was mere inches away from Beca's. The Sith Lord's hood flew off as she moved, and her pale, tattooed face was now plainly visible, her pointed teeth shining through her eerie smile. "It was I who saved you from that rat hole of a planet you called home, I who raised you, I who taught you the ways of the Dark side!" She chuckled ominously. "I know everything about you, little Rebecca, and I know how you feel about this Jedi woman." Beca did not flinch or recoil, she only glared up at the woman. "Next time you meet herâ€|" Darth Kira continued, turning away from Beca and walking back towards the window, "â€|I expect you to finish her. She will only cause problems for usâ€| especially for you."

Beca turned and left the room without a word in response.

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><p>Chloe walked aimlessly through the halls of the Jedi Temple. It had only been a few days since her encounter with the Sith girl, Beca, and yet, Chloe still could not get her out of her mind. She thought of little else as of late, and, quite honestly, it frightened her. She could not for the life of her identify what exactly it was that she felt for Beca, but she knew that she had never felt it before for anyone, whatever it was.<p>

"Hey, Chloe!"

Chloe was pulled from her thoughts as a woman's voice reached her ears. She turned to find a tall, blonde girl, clothed in the same brown cloak and simple, tan tunic that she wore, walking towards her. Chloe smiled.

"Hey, Aubrey," she said.

"I hadn't seen you since you got back. Are you all right? I heard you fought that Sith you've been chasing again," Aubrey asked worriedly. Chloe's smile faltered as images of Beca flooded her mind yet again. "Did you catch him?" Chloe shook her head, looking away.

"I'm afraid not," she replied with a sigh. Aubrey smiled.

"Hey, it's no big deal. At least you're unharmed," she said, placing a hand on Chloe's shoulder.

"Thanks," Chloe said quietly.

"Well, I've a meeting with Master Yoda shortly, so I should get going. Good to see you well, Chloe," Aubrey said.

"You too," Chloe replied just as Aubrey turned and left. Chloe took a deep breath and sighed. She decided to leave the Jedi Temple for a bit.

Because, for the first time in her life, she didn't feel like being around anyone there. Not even Aubrey, who had been like her sister since she arrived on Coruscant.

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><p>It was dark in Chloe's apartment when she entered, as to be expected, considering she lived alone. Nothing was out of place. And yet, Chloe felt as she stepped further into the small living space, something felt wrong. She narrowed her eyes as she looked through the darkness. She took two more steps forward, turning her head slowly.<p>

Then, she found the source of her unease.

In an instant, she ignited her lightsaber and turned, the beam arcing as she brought it around and towards the presence she had sensed behind her. And, just as quickly as it had started, the movement ceased as her blade clashed with a bright red one.

"Hi," Beca said with a smirk. Chloe's jaw dropped.

"What are you doing here?" She asked incredulously. Beca pushed Chloe's lightsaber away with her own before deactivating it. Chloe's remained active.

"Just thought I'd drop by for a visit, since I was in the area," Beca said nonchalantly. She walked over to the wall and pressed a button, illuminating the small room as the lights came on. Then, she sat down on the couch, still smirking at Chloe. "Miss me?"

"What? I, uh, I meanâ€¦" Chloe stumbled over her words, and a small blush began to creep up her face.

"Maybe you should turn that off," Beca suggested, nodding her head to indicate the green beam extending from Chloe's lightsaber.

"Why's that? Last time, you told me that my trying to kill you had been funâ€¦" Beca shrugged.

"I also said that maybe we could find some other method of entertainment next time," she said. "Besides, I wouldn't want to ruin your home." Chloe looked down to her right hand and closed her eyes, taking a deep breath in an attempt to slow her rapidly beating heart. She flicked a switch on the hilt and the green blade retracted.

"What are you doing here, Beca?"

Beca made a disapproving sound as she shook her head.

"Still don't believe anything I say, do you?"

"Only when I know you're lying," Chloe responded. Beca chuckled.

"Fair enough," she said. She stood up from her seat and sauntered over to Chloe, standing close as she spoke her next words in nearly a whisper. "I need you to do me a favor." Chloe's eyes went wide.

"What?"

"It's nothing, really. Actually, it requires absolutely nothing from you, save for a bit of restraint." Beca sighed as she looked away for a moment, before turning back, her eyes locking with Chloe's as she looked up at her intently. "Do you think you can do that?"

"I don't know," Chloe spoke softly, the words coming out quickly. "You still haven't told me what it is you want. And that's assuming I'dâ€¦" Beca looked at her expectantly as she trailed off.

"Assuming you'dâ€¦?"

Chloe shook her head.

"Never mind. What do you want?"

Beca smiled, but this wasn't her usual, careless smirk that Chloe had quickly grown accustomed to seeing. There was almost something sad, or perhaps weary, about it.

"I found out who was behind the attack on the Senator. You know, the one you thought I killed," Beca said, turning away from Chloe and moving to the small window, staring out into the sea of lights that was Coursant at night. "I can never prove it. Besides, the Jedi Council will be content to allow the blame to fall on someone like me regardless. Butâ€¦" Beca turned back to face Chloe. "â€¦this man will never face justice at the hands of the Jedi nor the Republic. So, he will face my justice."

"You mean you're going to kill him," Chloe replied, more of a statement than a question, but with a hope, however foolish she deemed it, that just maybe Beca didn't mean that. "That's not justice."

"It's the only justice he'll ever know. All I'm asking of youâ€¦" Beca said as she again approached Chloe. "â€¦is to stay out of my way."

"You know I can't do that, Beca," Chloe said. Beca chuckled, shaking her head.

"I figured you'd say that, but I thought I'd ask anyway," Beca said as she turned to leave the apartment.

"Beca, you don't have to do this," Chloe said

softly.

"Unfortunately, I do," Beca said. "Goodbye, Chloe."

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><p>Chloe paced her apartment, unsure of the next course of action she should take. It had been easy enough slip a small tracker into the folds of Beca's cloak, given the close proximity in which Beca would often stand when speaking to Chloe, so she knew for a fact where Beca would be headed.<p>

Chloe knew she should follow her and stop her. There was no evidence that anything she said was the truth, and Chloe had a duty to protect innocent lives. But there was still a tiny sliver of doubt in her mind.

What if Beca was telling the truth?

Ignoring that, there was the very real fear Chloe was now gripped with whenever she thought of Beca. On one hand, she was strangely enamored with the Sith girl, yet at the same time, she could feel just how powerful she was and could see in her eyes how determined she was to carry out her mission. Chloe had come to believe Beca could have defeated her in their previous encounters, were she actually trying, but she chose not to. This was a small comfort, but why did she bother to warn Chloe not to get in her way then?

Chloe's jaw clenched. She resolved to stop Beca. Even if she was telling the truth, this wouldn't be justice.

She immediately ran out of the apartment and hopped into the small speeder she owned, starting it up and taking off in the direction that her tracker told her Beca had headed. She ignored the traffic law, weaving in and out of the invisible lanes that most people adhered to, trying to make up for the time she had lost in her indecision.

"Beca— why does it have to be this way?" She whispered to herself as the chilly night air blew past her face.

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><p>Chloe found Beca in the Senator's apartment, standing over his cowering form with her red blade pointed at his neck.<p>

"Please!" He begged, pleading for his life. "I'll give you whatever you want! I'll make you rich!"

Beca rolled her eyes.

"Bribery is so cliché, I'm afraid," she said.

"Beca, stop!" Chloe yelled, running towards them. Beca turned her head, looking at Chloe with a sad smile on her face.

"I knew you wouldn't stay away. Worth a try, though," she said.

"Beca, please, don't do this. I know—" Chloe paused, her eyes



gazing deep into Beca's, desperately searching for an answer to the question plaguing her since Beca had first removed her mask.

\_Who are you?\_

"You know what?" Beca asked, a curious expression on her face. Chloe took a deep breath and released it slowly.

"I know you don't want to do this," she said. "I feel it. There is good in you. There is conflict. You don't want this life." Beca's jaw clenched.

"What I wantâ€|" she said quietly, "â€|doesn't really matter."

She raised her saber, ready to bring it down in a killing stroke.

"No!" Chloe cried as she leaped forward, igniting her own blade and thrusting it between Beca's saber and the Senator.

"Chloeâ€|" Beca said. "Please, just leave. I don't want to hurt you."

Now it was Chloe's turn to smirk.

"Good thing you can't," she replied.

Beca grunted as she pushed Chloe's blade away before spinning around and slashing horizontally towards her. Chloe blocked the blow easily, retreating slightly to take the fight away from the Senator.

But Beca, it seemed, had no intentions of fighting.

She immediately began sprinting away, leaving the apartment. Chloe was stunned momentarily, but ran after her, following her up the large apartment building, to the roof, where Chloe assumed Beca's means of escape waited. However, when she reached the roof, she found Beca standing on the edge of the building, looking out onto the city again.

It was starting to rain now. Little bits of steam drifted up from their lightsabers as rain drops hit the blades and were instantly vaporized.

"Why couldn't you just leave?" Beca asked, her back still facing Chloe.

Chloe, for her part, walked up to the Sith girl, placing a hand on her shoulder. As soon as her hand made contact, Beca spun around violently, holding her saber out in front of her.

"Why couldn't you just stay away?" She cried.

"Why would you tell me where you were going if you didn't want me to come?" Chloe asked calmly. Beca grit her teeth as she swung violently towards Chloe. Chloe danced just out of reach of Beca's strike, countering with a thrust of her own. Beca parried and spun, unleashing a violent storm of slashes in Chloe's direction. Chloe blocked each and every one, her form perfect, her mind, relaxed, something she was not expecting to be able to manage in Beca's

presence. Beca brought her lightsaber down in an overhead strike, which Chloe stopped, and locked their blades in place, just inches from their faces. "You were the one that came to see me, remember?"

"Because I didn't want to have to hurt you," Beca replied bitterly.

"And why is that?" Chloe asked. Beca roared as she pushed away from Chloe, charging back at her, swinging her blade wildly and viciously, only to have each strike glance off, deflected by Chloe's. Chloe noticed Beca's strikes were weaker. Fueled by anger and aggression, sure, that much she expected. But they were half-hearted. There was no purpose in Beca's strikes. Beca stood still now, breathing heavily. They were both drenched now. Their hair clung to their faces and their robes were heavy and sticky and uncomfortable. "You can't win this one, Beca. Maybe you could have before, had you tried, but not this time."

Beca smirked, again shaking her head as she dropped her lightsaber, the blade disappearing as it fell.

"So be it," she said. In that instant, she closed the small gap between herself and Chloe, who was so stunned by the reaction, that she failed to move as Beca's hands wrapped around her head and pulled her close, smashing their lips together violently.

Chloe's lightsaber fell as her hands came up to grip Beca's waist, pulling her close as they continued to kiss. Her mind was hazy, she didn't quite even know what she was doing, but something about this felt so right that she refused to stop. She didn't even feel the rain on her face. All she felt was the attack of Beca's lips, the quick swipes of her tongue, the warmth of her body pressed against her own.

It felt like hours before they separated, their foreheads pressed together as they held each other close.

"You wanted to know why I never could hurt you," Beca whispered breathlessly. "Well, now you know."

### 3. Let Me Help You

**\*\*You Shine So Bright, I Am Undone\*\***

#### Chapter 3: Let Me Help You

\_Chloe remained motionless as the rain continued to fall. She stood in a daze as she stared out across the ever moving city-scape of Coruscant. Her right hand slowly came up to meet her face, and she pressed her fingers softly against her lips. Even the cold rain couldn't wash away the burning sensation she still felt on them.\_

\_She was still in shock, to say the least. Whatever Chloe's expectations for that day had been, passionately kissing a Sith woman in the rain was not among them.\_

\_But then, nothing about this particular Sith had met any of Chloe's

expectations anyway.\_

"\_Chloe? Are you all right?" Aubrey's voice reached her ears gently, stirring Chloe slightly from her daze. She turned her head to face Aubrey, whose hood was raised so as to keep her head dry.

—

"\_Heyâ€|" Chloe said softly. Aubrey's eyes narrowed. \_

"\_What happened?" \_

Chloe sensed the presence of someone in her apartment long before she entered it. Unusual, considering the source, Chloe thought, but it sent her heart racing nonetheless. It had prompted her to send Aubrey away before she entered the building, as she had brought her home after the events with the Senator. It would likely be a less than welcome discovery for her to find a Sith woman, the one responsible for the recent attacks in Coruscant, in Chloe's home.

The door to Chloe's modest apartment slid open silently, and she let out a sigh as she stepped inside. Looking around, Chloe could find no evidence of anything out of place, save for Beca's small form, curled up in her black robes and lain across the couch, one of the only pieces of furniture in the living space. Chloe tilted her head as she approached the sleeping Beca. It was odd, seeing her so disarmed, so... at peace. When she was awake, she was fire and rage and passion and mischief, both amused and tormented by the world she lived in.

Amazing, what you can learn from fighting with someone, Chloe mused.

She quietly stepped closer, leaning over to get a better look at Beca. Chloe smiled. She really was quite beautiful, when she wasn't trying to kill her, that is.

Well, in fairness, Beca had never truly tried to kill Chloe, but still. She was a Sith, and Chloe was Jedi. Whatever this was, Chloe knew, it couldn't end well. Still, she felt no urge to wake Beca, content simply to watch her slowly rising and falling form.

"You know, most people think it's pretty creepy to watch others while they sleep," Beca mumbled as she adjusted her position, pulling her robes closer around her. Chloe giggled.

"I could say the same for someone sneaking in to another's home to fall asleep on their couch. Didn't think you were awake, though. How'd you know I was here?"

"Your presence, it's like..." Beca replied sleepily. Her eyes opened slightly, and they looked Chloe up and down for a moment. Chloe held her breath as Beca paused. "...it's like a sun."

"Oh, really?"

"Ugh, did I say that out loud?" Beca asked, sitting up. She bit her lip, looking away from Chloe now. "I just... meant in that it's hard not to notice. And that you're hot." Chloe blushed, and she thanked whatever luck had allowed this conversation to take place in the dark, so that Beca could not see how closely the hue of her face

matched her hair.

"I feel like there's more to your words than you're letting on," Chloe said.

Beca shook her head.

"Isn't there always?" she said with a smirk. With that, Chloe's face became more serious. Whatever she felt for Beca, dealing with it would have to wait.

"You know they're looking for you, right? The Senator told them about you."

"Well, yea, that's why I'm here. Last place they'd look is a Jedi's home, especially yours." Beca paused for a moment. "What'd you tell them?"

Chloe shrugged.

"I didn't really tell them anything. I was... I was kind of in a bit of a stupor." Beca grinned.

"Damn, are my kissing skills that good?" She asked with a chuckle. Chloe let out a soft laugh and shook her head.

"It's not as though I can make any comparison. That was my first..."

"Oh, right, Jedi don't really do lo-" Chloe's eyebrows rose slightly as Beca caught herself. "You're celibate." Chloe nodded.

"So you can imagine my surprise, then," Chloe said.

"I'm sorry," Beca whispered. "I shouldn't have." Chloe shook her head again, sitting down next to Beca.

"No, it's... it's okay. It wasn't... unpleasant," Chloe replied.

"That's not the point," Beca said quickly. "You're a Jedi, I'm a Sith. Whatever you may feel about what happened, it doesn't really mean a thing to you. It can't. And I shouldn't have gotten you involved in any of this anyway."

"Then why did you?" Beca's eyes locked with Chloe's as she did her best to make sure she would never forget how radiant they were. Not like her own, which had seen far too many evils that someone like Chloe would never forgive. "Why didn't you just stay away from me?"

"Because I couldn't..." Beca whispered. She looked away. "And I am sorry." Chloe shook her head again.

"Don't be," she said. Beca's head turned quickly to face Chloe again. "Let me help you. I know you don't want this life for yourself." Beca smiled weakly.

"It's not so bad..."

"And why don't I believe that?"

"Because you're a Jedi, you wouldn't," Beca replied with a sigh. She stood up abruptly, pulling her robe on. "I'll leave. I don't want to cause you any more trouble."

Before she could, though, Chloe's hand reached out and took hers. Beca looked down at her left hand in surprise as Chloe stood up.

"Wait," she said. "The Jedi are still sweeping the surrounding parts of the city for you. I'll go before the Council in the morning to give my report, they'll be have concluded the search by then. You can stay, if you want. At least until then." Beca smiled.

"You're kind, Chloe. But, I fear my Master will not take kindly to my failure in this mission, and being late won't help."

"I see..." Chloe replied quietly, disappointment evident in her voice. "Will I ever see you again?" Beca was quiet for a moment.

"No," she said. "No, I'm afraid not. It's not safe for you. My Master doesn't like that you've 'distracted' me. Her words, not mine."

"Then can you do me a favor before you leave?" Beca looked at Chloe curiously.

"Perhaps..." she replied slowly, "What is it?"

"Kiss me again," Chloe whispered.

"Are you sure?" Chloe remained silent as she nodded in affirmation, and it took no further prompting for Beca's hands to come up to gently cup Chloe's cheeks and press their lips together.

The kiss was much different from the one on the roof. That one had been full of passion and desperation and need and confusion. This one was sure, slow, and steady. It lasted for what could have been years as they explored each other, first hesitant and then more deeply, and when Beca finally pulled away, Chloe knew for sure what she felt.

For better or worse, though, it would lead nowhere, assuming Beca was right and their paths were never to cross again. Chloe didn't know what was worse, the fact that they would never be together, or the fact that even if Beca would stay, that they couldn't be together.

"I have to go," Beca said quietly. "Take care of yourself."

And with that, Beca was gone, and Chloe was left alone, once again.

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><p>"Disturbing, this news is," Master Yoda said from his seat in the Council chamber. "Twice now, this Sith has made an attack here on Coruscant."<p>

"Master Yoda, if I may offer an opinion?" Chloe said. Yoda nodded, and Chloe took a deep breath. There was no telling how the Council would react to her words. "I do not believe this woman to be a threat." Yoda's eyes went wide.

"Oh," he rasped. "Why, I must ask?" Chloe could hear a few whispers amongst the other Jedi masters. It appeared she had been correct, in that aspect, anyway.

"She claimed that the death of the first Senator was not her responsibility, that she was, in fact, trying to save him from the true assailant," Chloe said.

"And what leads you to believe she was telling the truth? She's a Sith." The words came from the Kel Dor seated to Chloe's left, Master Plo Koon.

"I could sense no deceit in her words."

"Effective, the Dark side can be, in clouding your judgment, young one. Careful, you must be," Yoda said.

"Master Yoda, I have encountered this Sith woman on six separate occasions. She is exceptionally skilled with a lightsaber and the Force is undeniably strong in her. I now believe she is far more powerful than myself. She could likely have killed me at any of these times, but she didn't."

"What then do you say of her most recent attack?"

"She claimed Senator Tanba was behind the assassination of Senator Chriaan. She said that it would never be proven and that he would face 'her justice,'" Chloe said. "She came to my home before the attack and told me her plan and warned me to stay away. But I didn't. Iâ€¦" Chloe took a deep breath. "I do not believe she wanted to carry out her plan, and she was easy enough to stop, despite how powerful she is. I could feel the conflict within her. There is something else motivating her, Master, and it's not her devotion to the Dark side."

The Council went quiet. Chloe eyes darted between the various Jedi Masters, trying to read them, but it was of little use. Master Yoda let out a deep sigh, his tiny body sinking down into the crimson seat.

"Investigate these matters, the Council will," he said. "But care, you should take. I sense much confusion in you, much anxiety."

"Of course, Master," Chloe said. He nodded.

"That will be all," Yoda said. Chloe bowed slightly before turning on her heels and leaving the Council chamber.

\* \* \*

><p>Beca grit her teeth and screwed her eyes shut as the electricity coursed through her body, the searing pain forcing her to her knees, but she refused to cry out. When the pain dissipated, she let out a ragged, heavy breath.<p>

"I grow tired of your failures, Lord Raiyah," Darth Kira said slowly. Beca glared up at her master, who was giving her less a look of anger and more one of disappointment and pity. It actually made Beca even angrier. "It pains me to do this."

"Clearly," Beca muttered. "Just get it over with."

"As you wish," the Sith Lord said as emerald lightning once again erupted from her fingertips.

#### 4. Sucker Punch

**\*\*You Shine So Bright, I Am Undone\*\***

#### Chapter 4: Sucker Punch

"The last report from Master Nar'Jaina was three days ago," Master Plo Koon rasped through his breather. Chloe stood rigid in the chambers of the Jedi Council with Aubrey on her left. "We've received no communications from her nor her Padawan since."

"Could it be that their transmitters have failed? Or are experiencing some kind of interference?" Aubrey spoke quickly. Master Yoda shook his head.

"For a single day's delay, that explanation could suffice. Three days raises questions, concerns. Very important, this mission was," Yoda replied.

"What exactly were they supposed to be doing on Kashyyyk, Master?" Chloe asked.

"We received several reports of strange behavior amongst some of the Wookies in the city of Kachirho," Plo Koon explained. "Nightmares, visions of pain, terror. Some started attacking each other for no apparent reason. We suspected the cause was--"

"Residual dark side influence, possibly due to close proximity of a Sith Lord," Chloe interrupted. Master Plo Koon nodded.

"Indeed."

"Sent to investigate, Master Nar'Jaina and her apprentice were," Yoda said. "Troubling is this communications break down."

"Chloe, Aubrey, you two will go to Kashyyyk and ascertain the status of Master Nar'Jaina and her apprentice. If they are well, restore communications and assist them. We fear two Jedi may not have been enough for this mission. If not, then carry on the investigation in their wake. We need to know what is happening on Kashyyyk," Plo Koon said. Aubrey and Chloe both bowed.

"May the Force be with you," Yoda said, and with that, they turned and left the Council chambers.

\* \* \*

><p>"I have a bad feeling about thisâ€|" Aubrey said.<p>

"You always have a bad feeling before missions," Chloe replied, tightening her grip on the controls of the small Starfighter. She looked out of the cockpit and to the left and saw Aubrey flying close by as they approached Kashyyyk.

"And I'm always correct to do so," Aubrey said quietly. "Especially given the nature of this particular mission."

Chloe hummed nonchalantly in response. Not to say that Chloe wasn't taking Aubrey seriously, it's simply that she'd grown used to this sort of thing. She supposed Aubrey should have too, but, then again, Aubrey was always naturally the more anxious of the pair.

As they passed through Kashyyyk's atmosphere, they were met with the sight of the lush, dense jungles that made up most of its surface. It wasn't an unfamiliar sight, but Chloe marveled at it all the same. It was beautiful.

Chloe was beginning to rethink her assessment of Kashyyyk's jungles, now that she and Aubrey were in the midst of it.

They had discovered, upon disembarking in Kachirho, that Master Nar'Jaina and her padawan had set out into the jungle to the north of the city two days ago and hadn't been heard from since, which was disconcerting, to say the least. After sending a message back to the Jedi council with that information, they followed.

It wasn't so bad, at first, but the idyllic, green forest had soon given way to thick wetlands. Even as night fell, the two Jedi were sticky with sweat and all manner of insects swarming them, providing rather miserable conditions that were beginning to grate on their nerves.

But, they knew they were getting close. Chloe pulled her cloak tight around her body and held her hood down over her eyes as their speeder raced through the swamp. She shivered, despite the heat and humidity. The presence of the Dark side of the Force became more and more palpable with every passing mile. It would seem the Jedi Council's suspicions had been correct.

"We're getting close," Aubrey said quietly.

"Yes," Chloe responded. They were rapidly approaching a mountain, which they now figured was likely the source of the Dark side influence in the area. Chloe closed her eyes, concentrating. She could sense no other Force sensitive presence, but it wasn't likely that she would at this distance, unless it was overpowering the one currently permeating their surroundings. Chloe sighed.

"Can I ask you something, Chloe?" Chloe looked up, somewhat taken aback. She didn't think Aubrey would choose now of all times for idle conversation.

"Um, sure," Chloe said.

"It's about that Sith womanâ€| the one you defended in front of the Council."



"I'd hardly call that an adequate defense. I was simply presenting a possibility."

"You seemed quite confident," Aubrey said, her eyes flitting between Chloe and their path as she drove the small speeder, expertly weaving between the massive trees. Chloe shrugged.

"It was a curious situation, and I would have preferred not to fall into rash judgments." Aubrey pursed her lips.

"Indeed it was curiousâ€|" she muttered.

"Why do you ask?"

"Justâ€| \_curious\_," Aubrey replied, smirking at Chloe, who chuckled lightly and shook her head.

\* \* \*

><p>"This was too easy," Chloe said as she and Aubrey walked through the tunnel. "Something's not right here."<p>

"I agree," Aubrey replied. She held her right hand close to her hip, where her lightsaber was hanging. The entrance to the tunnel in question had been incredibly easy to find, about five hundred yards upwards from the base of the mountain. The stone archway marking the entrance was cracked and in ruins, covered by vines and growth from the jungle. The Dark side of the Force radiated intensely from within, and the two Jedi knew that this was the place where they would find its source, as well as hopefully Master Nar'Jaina and her apprentice.

It was cold in the stone lined tunnels, the lit torches along the walls providing little in the way of heat. Chloe wondered how this place hadn't been discovered, but she figured it was likely that no one wanted to venture this close to the mountain. She herself had been overtaken by a strange anxiety since entering the tunnels, one more uneasy and sinister than simple nerves may cause. She looked to Aubrey and saw several beads of sweat running down her forehead and across her cheeks, despite the cold. It was likely that Aubrey was being affected even worse.

"\_You shouldn't be hereâ€|" \_

Chloe stopped, her head whipping around to look at the space behind them.

"Chloe?"

Chloe turned back to see Aubrey looking at her with a curious expression on her face.

"Did you hear that?" Chloe asked, walking ahead of Aubrey, staring down the hallway.

"Hear what?" Chloe turned her head back again. They were alone, she was sure of it. But she was sure that she'd heard a voice that most certainly wasn't Aubrey's. In fact, it sounded rather likeâ€|

"Never mind," Chloe said, brushing away the thought. "Let's keep

going."

"\_You need to leaveâ€|"\_

Chloe shook her head, figuring the sound to be of her mind's making.

\* \* \*

><p>The soft, slow patter of their leather boots against the stone floor was the only sound as they continued down the tunnel. They walked for what felt like hours, with little to no indication of progress.<p>

"I've got a bad feeling about thisâ€|"

"For once, I agree," Chloe responded. "Do you think-" Chloe's speech abruptly stopped when a faint, nearly imperceptible sound reached her ears. It sounded almost like someone was crying.

"Yesâ€|?" Aubrey prodded. Chloe began sprinting down the tunnel, trying to find the source of the sound, certain that this was not some figment of her imagination. A very confused and very anxious Aubrey immediately raced after. "Chloe, wait!"

They had been running for little more than a few seconds when the tunnel opened up into a massive, cavernous space. The behemoth room was in the shape of a dome, with a large opening in the ceiling allowing a large ray of moonlight to shine through, illuminating the entire room so much so that there was little need for any other light source. Aubrey stood still, transfixed by the sight, but Chloe's eyes immediately zoned in on the middle of the room.

There, sitting on the ground, huddled and shaking, was a young girl. She had long, flowing brown hair pulled back into a single ponytail and a thin, long braid hanging over her shoulder. Her knees were pulled up to her chest, her hands wrapped tightly around them. She stared at the ground in front of her with tears slowly trickling down her cheeks.

When Aubrey's eyes finally found the girl, she gasped. "Is thatâ€|?"

"Master Nar'Jaina's padawan," Chloe said as she knelt down next to the girl. "Right?" The girl nodded slowly, still staring at the ground. "Where is Nar'Jaina?"

"She's," the girl began to speak, choking up as a fresh stream of tears ran down her cheek. "She's..." Her words dissolved into incoherent sobs. Chloe looked up at Aubrey, a solemn, sad look cast over both of their faces.

"Aubrey, take her back to Kachirho. She needs medical attention."

"Chloe, I'm not just going to leave you here," Aubrey began to protest, but she was cut off by Chloe.

"Please, just do it. She can't stay here," Chloe pleaded. Aubrey's jaw clenched, but she nodded in acquiescence. She stepped over to the

young girl and lifted her up.

"Don't do anything stupid until I get back," Aubrey said. Chloe chuckled.

"Of course not," she said. With that, Aubrey ran back down the tunnel from which they came as fast as she could manage while carrying the young Jedi apprentice. Chloe turned around, her eyes landing on a cloaked figure. Their face was shrouded by a hood, but Chloe knew this presence all too well.

"You never listen, do you?" Beca asked. "You shouldn't have come here."

"I didn't have a choice," Chloe responded. "Besides, any excuse to see you again, right?"

"This isn't a game, Chloe!" Beca roared as she stormed forward, throwing off her hood. "You need to go, now!"

"I can't do that, Beca."

"She will kill you if you stay!"

"Like she did Nar'Jaina?" Chloe asked.

"Very good," a new voice said as a loud, slow clap rang out three times. A woman stepped into the ring of moonlit area at the center of the room, walking just behind Beca and around towards Chloe, her hands together just beneath her chin as she grinned rather eerily at Chloe. Her pale, ghost-white face was covered in dark, spiral shaped tattoos, which would appear almost comical if not for the malevolent presence radiating from her jet black eyes. "Although, exactly like I killed that foolish Jedi would be more correct."

"You're certainly welcome try," Chloe responded calmly.

"Such arrogance. Typical of you Jedi," the woman said. Chloe smirked, still looking at Beca.

"I'm fairly confident in my abilities, yes. But I'm also confident I won't be fighting alone."

"Oh, my," the woman said as she circled around behind Chloe, her words slithering menacingly through the chilly air. "You think that just because Rebecca here didn't want to kill you before, that she'd actually help you fight me? Ha!"

"And you say that we're the arrogant ones," Chloe replied.

"Do not jest with me, child," the woman said. She walked around behind Beca, placing her hands gently on the shorter woman's shoulders. Beca flinched at the contact, and her head dropped in shame, her eyes fixed on the ground, unable to look at Chloe. "It was I who raised Lord Raiyah, I who gave her life, I who gave her power. She couldn't turn on me no matter how much she wanted to. She belongs to the Dark side of the Force. She belongs to me."

"You're wrong, you know," Chloe said. Beca looked up in disbelief to meet Chloe's gentle, smiling face. Though Chloe continued addressing

Beca's master, her eyes never left Beca's. "There is good in her. In fact, I'd wager she's the one who convinced you not to kill Nar'Jaina's padawan."

"Chloe" Beca whispered. Beca's master scoffed.

"Whatever good you see in her can't free her," she said. "But, for her sake, out of the kindness of my heart, I'll let her leave the room so she doesn't have to watch you die."

"How you managed to develop such a damaged moral compass is beyond me," Chloe replied. The Sith lord smiled.

"I have only done what is necessary," she said. "Now, Lord Raiyah, leave us. I'm done talking with this Jedi." Beca's jaw clenched tightly, and she looked to Chloe one more time.

"Yes, Lord Kira," Beca said through gritted teeth, and Chloe, who had been ever calm and hopeful, suddenly began to feel a pang of fear and disappointment. However, that was quickly alleviated, for as soon as Beca turned to leave, she drew her lightsaber and ignited it in one smooth motion, bringing it down towards her Master.

Unfortunately, lightning immediately erupted from Darth Kira's fingertips, colliding with Beca and sending her sailing backwards across the room, where she slammed into the wall before falling unconscious to the floor.

"Beca!" Chloe screamed. She was about to run towards Beca's fallen form when she noticed another stream of lightning sailing towards her. She responded by drawing her lightsaber and catching the lightning with the blade, allowing it to dissipate in the emerald plasma.

"Impressive," Darth Kira commented as she halted the stream of lightning. "Perhaps you will be able to provide more of a challenge than that other Jedi." Chloe remained silent, holding her lightsaber in front of her with both hands. The Sith Lord's hands reached behind her and drew two lightsabers, igniting them and holding them lightly at her side.

"Oh boy," Chloe muttered. Darth Kira smirked, spinning the lightsabers in a threatening flourish before charging at Chloe. Chloe held her ground as the Sith Lord let loose a flurry of strikes towards her, spinning and twirling rapidly as she brought her crimson blades around as she attempted to pierce Chloe's defenses. The speed and ferocity of her attacks were enough to force Chloe to retreat backwards.

Chloe grunted as she caught both of Darth Kira's blades in a single block before throwing them to the side and aiming a kick towards her stomach. The Sith merely danced out of range and resumed her assault. Chloe forced herself to remain calm, concentrating on breathing evenly as she tracked the movements of Darth Kira's lightsabers.

Parry left, duck, back up, parry overhead, swing down, parry right.

Chloe began to notice a pattern to the Sith's attacks. They focused

on Chloe's left side, with Darth Kira always seeming to spin in the same direction, her momentum giving more power and speed to her strikes.

Chloe continued to retreat slowly, waiting for just the right moment, when Darth Kira's attacks inevitably slowed, as she noticed they often did after three or four rotations. Then, Chloe suddenly dropped to her knees, swinging one leg straight out and sweeping it in the opposite direction of the Sith Lord's rotation, knowing that it would catch her off guard.

Unfortunately, Darth Kira had been ready for this. She easily jumped the sweeping kick and brought her own boot up to slam into Chloe's jaw, knocking her painfully onto her back. Chloe grunted in pain as she hit the stone floor and her lightsaber skidded across the floor.

"Too easy," Darth Kira taunted, letting out a somewhat disappointed sigh. "You Jedi are ever so predictable. I should've known you'd be no challenge when you couldn't even hold your own against Lord Raiyah, who has never once bested me." Chloe tried to push herself up but was met with Darth Kira's boot pressing back down on her chest, holding her down. "And now, you will die, and Lord Raiyah will be free of any more of your distractions." As the Sith held her two sabers across Chloe's neck, Chloe closed her eyes, letting out a calm sigh. Her only regret was that she wouldn't be able to free Beca.

But the killing stroke never came. When she opened her eyes, she saw Darth Raiyah's mouth hanging open. An expression of shock was plastered across the Sith's face as she looked down at the crimson lightsaber blade protruding from her chest.

"Youâ€¦"

"Sorry, Master," Beca said with a ragged breath. "It's true, I wouldn't be able to beat you in a fair fight. Good thing we Sith aren't so predictable as the Jedi, eh?"

And then, unbelievably, the Sith Lord smiled.

"Indeed," was all she said before she drew her last breath. Beca pushed her former Master's body away from Chloe, ensuring her still lit sabers landed safely out of the way. Beca looked down at Chloe, who was breathing heavily.

"You're bleeding," Chloe said worriedly as she saw the stream of blood running down the side of Beca's face. Beca chuckled.

"Worry about yourself for once," she said as she reached out a hand to help Chloe up. "I'll be fine." Chloe smiled as she took Beca's hand and was promptly lifted to her feet.

"So what now?"

"First," Beca said. "I'm going to kiss you. After that, I have no clue, but I'm sure we can figure it out. Is that okay?"

Chloe smiled and nodded.

"More than okay," she said.

"Good," Beca said with a smirk before closing the short distance to Chloe and firmly pressing their lips together.

## 5. Take My Hand, I'll Give You the Galaxy

**\*\*You Shine So Bright, I Am Undone\*\***

### Chapter 5: Take My Hand and I'll Give You the Galaxy

Aubrey sighed, placing a hand to her forehead as she stepped out of the elevator that led to the Jedi Council chamber. She felt nauseated, as was often the case in stressful situations that didn't involve a high amount of adrenaline, and having to lie to the Council certainly qualified as stressful to her. And, of course, that wasn't even the main issue here.

"\_What?" Aubrey asked, her voice filled with incredulity and her eyes darting between Chloe and the short woman standing next to her.\_

"\_I know it's an odd request," Chloe replied calmly.\_

"\_Odd? That's what you call having me tell the Jedi Council that you were killed and that I was unable to recover your body?" \_

"\_I can't be a Jedi anymore, Aubrey," Chloe said. "I'm sorry."

\_

"\_Chloe, do you even hear yourself? What's going on?" Aubrey was frantic at this point, and her eyes suddenly snapped to Beca.

"You-"\_

"\_Aubrey, don't," Chloe interjected, her voice more resolute and authoritative than Aubrey could ever recall hearing it, so much so that the blonde Jedi was stunned into silence, forgetting every question and accusation she was about to throw at Beca. "This is my decision. Please. I promise I will explain everything later, justâ€¦ pleaseâ€¦". \_

\_Aubrey's jaw hung slack for a moment as she looked down to Chloe's now outstretched hands which held her lightsaber. When Aubrey finally regained her composure, she sucked in a deep breath and sighed.

\_

"\_I've never known you to break a promise. Don't start now," was all she said before taking the lightsaber from Chloe and jumping back into the speeder. The small vehicle hummed with life for a moment, and then it was gone. \_

Aubrey leaned back against the closed door of her quarters in the Jedi temple. She closed her eyes for a moment, letting her head rest against the cold metal. She looked to the ceiling and sighed. It was a cold, grey, lifeless scene. Perhaps that was why Chloe never could stand living in these halls, Aubrey figured. She pushed herself off of the door and walked over to her desk, and was just about to take a seat when she noticed something sitting on her bed.

Aubrey blinked twice, confused, as she walked over to the small cot.

There was a small card, no bigger than two inches wide, and it had an address scrawled hastily across it in black ink. Aubrey rolled her eyes as she headed back out of the room.

"How could I decline such a courteous invitation?" She muttered.

\* \* \*

><p>Most of the cantinas on Coruscant, and the entire universe, really, left something to be desired in terms of variety.<p>

Granted, there was no shortage of variety in the different patrons one might find at said establishments, but their general construction and atmosphere was pretty much uniform throughout the various different systems that housed them.

The other thing they all had in common was the fact that Aubrey felt uncomfortable in each and every one of them. At least, the ones she'd been forced to enter in her lifetime (which was, thankfully, few).

It took no less than thirty seconds from the time Aubrey entered the small cantina two districts away from the Jedi Temple for someone to attempt to sell her death sticks, currently the most popular party drug on the planet. Aubrey simply rolled her eyes and dismissed the diminutive Twi'lek with a wave of her hand before walking up to the bar and ordering a glass of water. The bartender gave her a curious look but served her without comment.

"You really need to lighten up," a voice came from behind Aubrey. She tilted her head slightly as the woman whom Aubrey had left Chloe with approached the empty space at the bar to her left. Aubrey eyed the short brunette cautiously.

"Where's Chloe?" Beca smiled.

"Seriously, relax. She's not here, we're going to meet her somewhere else. Chloe said you wouldn't care to stay in a place like this."

"Then why have me come here in the first place?" Aubrey asked. Beca shrugged.

"It was easier. Can't risk having the Jedi find out Chloe's still alive, you know?"

"I'm still wondering why such a thing was necessary in the first placeâ€|"

"And that's why we're even here. Well, that, and she misses you, blondie," Beca said. Aubrey's severe expression softened ever so slightly, despite the annoying moniker. She sighed.

"Let's not waste any time then."

\* \* \*

><p>The ride in the small speeder that Beca had assured Aubrey was rented and not stolen was awkward, to say the least, between Beca

being about as accustomed to small talk as an Ewok was with indoor plumbing and Aubrey still harboring what was in her opinion a reasonable level of distrust for Beca. Aubrey occupied the time by simply staring at the ever moving lights in the night of Coruscant, while Beca silently drove. It wasn't long before they had reached a residential district that was currently still under construction.<p>

"Charming," Aubrey commented as she stepped out of the speeder, looking around the darkened corner of the city.

"Trust me, it wasn't my first choice either," Beca replied. "But it was necessary all the same."

Aubrey eyed Beca carefully as she followed her into the building's stairwell, where they climbed what felt to Aubrey like over a thousand flights of stairs, a consequence of the unfinished building. Still, before long, they had arrived on what Aubrey figured was the twentieth level of the building, the last level that had been completely enclosed.

Chloe stood with her back to Aubrey and Beca on the other side of the building floor, and she turned with a beaming smile on her face when she heard them approach.

"Aubrey!" Chloe said excitedly, bouncing on the heels of her feet. Aubrey squinted slightly as she took in her friend's appearance, noticing most prominently that Chloe was not dressed in the robes of a Jedi. Instead, she wore a dark vest over a sleeveless white shirt and navy blue pants, which ran down to meet black combat boots. In fact, Aubrey thought she looked rather like an Outer Rim smuggler, when she thought about it. The whole look was strange, somewhat unsettling, and yet oddly fitting in Aubrey's mind.

"Chloe," Aubrey replied breathlessly as she was embraced in a tight hug. Chloe smiled as she released Aubrey, whose expression was nothing short of utter confusion. "I was starting to think you weren't coming back."

Chloe's smile remained, but there was a hint of sadness evident in her expression.

"Unfortunately, it's not permanent. But I promised you I would be here, didn't I?"

"True," Aubrey admitted. "And you also promised you'd explainâ€| whatever this is." Aubrey glanced suspiciously at Beca, who had left the pair to go stand by the window, gazing out into the cityscape.

"I did," Chloe said. "And I will. It's justâ€| it's a bit difficult to know where to start."

"It doesn't seem so difficult to me, Chloe. Just tell me why you left. What happened in that mountain?" Chloe shook her head.

"It's not just about what happened on Kashyyyk. It started months agoâ€| when I first met Becaâ€|" Chloe replied. She looked over to Beca, who still had her back turned to them. "Aubrey, Iâ€| I fell in love."



Aubrey blinked for a moment, processing the information. Then she let out a short chuckle.

"You know, honestly, I'm not surprised."

"Wait, you're not?" Aubrey shook her head.

"Noâ€| somehow, you just never seemed the type to be held down by the rules of the Jedi Order. Not that you didn't understand or believe in them, it's justâ€|" Aubrey paused. "I don't know, now that I really think about it, as much as you always loved helping people, I get the sense that you've always wanted something more out of life, that you could do more outside of the Order, and that you've always felt more than the Order is comfortable with. You've always had respect for the Jedi Code though, so it's not likely you would've left without someâ€| outside influence. Could I have predicted this? Noâ€| but it makes sense," Chloe smiled.

"Sometimes it's like you know me better than I know myself," Chloe said. Aubrey smiled.

"Not enough to understand how you fell in love with a Sith," she teased.

"Beca was no more meant for the life of a Sith than I was that of a Jedi," Chloe replied.

"I believe you," Aubrey said. "Take care of yourself."

"You too," Chloe answered with a smile as Aubrey pulled her into a hug.

\* \* \*

><p>"You seem less sad than I figured you would be," Beca said as she sat next to Chloe in the cockpit of the small Correllian frigate that they had purchased. They were currently exiting the atmosphere of Coruscant.<p>

"Why would you think I'd be sad?" Chloe asked.

"You just said goodbye to your best friend, potentially for good," Beca said. "I'm not too familiar with friends but I would imagine that's not a happy thing."

"Noâ€|" Chloe said. "I'll see her again, I know I will." Beca smiled and shook her head as she leaned back in her seat.

"If you say so," she replied.

"I do," Chloe answered brightly. She leaned over and pressed a quick kiss to Beca's cheek. "So where are we going?"

Beca smirked.

"Wherever you want."

\_fin\_

End  
file.